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Congo News Letter

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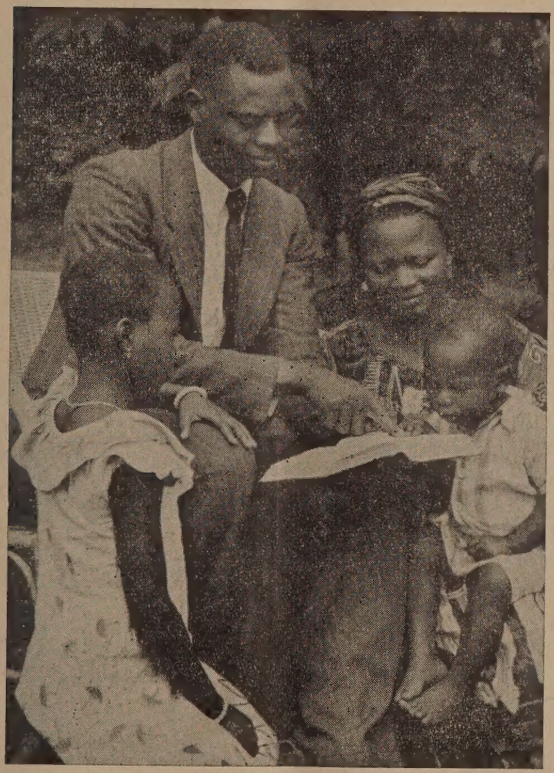

The New Congo

JULY 1952

CONGO NEWS LETTER

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The New Congo

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ETHEL D. BROWN

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Congo News Letter

EVANGELIZATION OF CONGO

LEWIS AND SUSIE BROWN

SUCH a title, in itself, sets our feet on firm ground, and our hearts to singing. "Evangel," glad tidings, the dictionary tells us in simple declaration, and we rejoice that it still is true and we, the proclaimers of it, are the most privileged on earth.

Paul must have faced some disturbing and vastly changing intellectual, economic and political conditions during those years of his missionary journeys and the establishing of the first infant churches of Jesus Christ. For them, and, through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, for us too, over and over he wrote such words as: "As for you, always be steady, endure suffering, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill your ministry." "I laid a foundation, and another man is building upon it. Let each man take care how he builds upon it. For no other foundation can anyone lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." "For this gospel I was appointed a preacher and teacher, and therefore I suffer as I do. But I am not ashamed, for I *know whom* I have believed and *I am sure that He is able* to guard until that Day what has been entrusted to me." That very last phrase as translated in the REVISED STANDARD VERSION is surely for the strengthening of the faith of missionaries in this day of 1952. *He is able* to *guard* until that Day what has been entrusted to me," — these thousands upon thousands of new converts and church members who daily face the impact of materialism that surges upon them as a tidal wave. He alone can, but *I am sure*; therein lies our confidence for the hour.

The tempo of change is such that it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish the temporary from the permanent. The mission program also has become so complex that one doubts his ability to focus events with the proper perspective. We talk much, with good reason, of the confusion of the National. But we must admit that for us, as missionaries, there is also a sense of uncertainty as to what is taking place, what the future holds as the re-

sult of present trends and *how* to make our Christian message the stabilizing force they so sorely need. We too are being tested.

Will the one distinct feature of the Christian mission stand the terrific pressure of today? Money is flowing literally in streams from Government sources for educational and medical purposes. Can we justify our educational work because the living Lord, dwelling within and reigning supreme in us, makes the classroom a place of intellectual enlightenment and of new birth through knowledge of His Word? Is the hospital "evangelistic" because it is a place where healing of mind and body opens the heart to His saving grace and dispels darkness and fear? Is the workshop touched with the benediction of Him who wrought at Joseph's bench? Paul's confidence is ours too, as we face, squarely and realistically, the problem confronting the Church. I recall that one of the first impressions upon return to Congo for this term, was of the tremendous place of the missionary in the thought and affection of the Congolese. I still believe that to be true. Yet it seems evident that the authority, motives, and worth of the contribution of the mission are being challenged and put to the acid test. The serious reversion of whole communities, considered to be largely Christian, to heathen practices and strangely-blended rites, and, at times, the almost wholesale exodus of graduating classes into commercial, money-making life of the Colony sends us to our knees in heart searching and for divine guidance.

Certain facts may be pointed out regarding our evangelistic effort of today in contrast to methods of only a few years ago. For one thing, we as missionaries are dealing intimately with an altogether different type than even existed in the early days of the mission. These are predominantly second-generation Christians or those who have been considerably affected by elementary education and by the customs and acquisitions of widespread commercialism. The scores of African letters that pass through our hands each mail day, the dozens of bicycles met on the paths, and the sound of cheap dance records heard at any trading center are reminders that we *cannot* escape the present nor return to the old methods of working with illiterate, primitive people. Our station schools, personnel, and constituency are largely made up of this

changed group even though all too often we discover that under stress their thought patterns still revert to the old. It is among those who have not completely yielded to the claims of Christ as Master of their lives that we find the struggles for self assertion, rebellion against discipline, and reluctance to answer the call for service among their own people. The ordinary village life remains basically the same. Expansion of the work from a few villages near the mission station to several hundred at varying distances up to two hundred miles, the opening of automobile roads making it virtually impossible to secure carriers even for short itineraries, and the lack of increased staff to care for it all, has resulted in the failure to have such personal contact with individual villages as once we had. It was a fruitful ministry and much is lost through its lack. Two years ago a personal experience brought this vividly to mind. Circumstances made it necessary to spend three weeks itinerating again with only a few carriers for camping supplies. During his prayer, a Christian in one village said: "We thank you, God, for the visit of our white man. All the others are born with trucks on their feet but ours is like us and comes to us on his own two feet."

Another fact that impresses us deeply is that in spite of infrequent visitation, the village people are for the most part still most responsive and continually beseech us for a teacher. Too often our young men, trained in the station school, are no longer willing to take up this humble position of the village teacher-evangelist. The pay is very little, though with patience and conscientious work we believe it could well be increased, and we have steadfastly felt that some measure of self-support could and should be undertaken by the village. Perhaps at times we find it hard to sympathize fully or to realize the severity of the temptations that besiege our young people. But, is this only a passing situation through which we must help them to learn true values? Or, is it a period out of which a different type of missionary work will emerge? Shall we, perhaps, be able to call the indigenous church on to new experiences in volunteer effort? At any rate, we are all agreed that there can never be a change in emphasis and message. The Lord Jesus Christ is the center of all our work, and

the need of every human soul to know, personally, salvation through faith in His shed blood on Calvary impels us to seek these lost. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Problems such as these there certainly are, to be dealt with in earnest prayer, courage and faith. Thank God, there is also much to be said about progress. Groups of young Christians are showing eagerness and desire to learn more and qualify in Christian knowledge. This Easter season, just experienced, has brought a great company into the fellowship of the Church. Reports tell us of numbers baptized all the way from twenty at Boko — our newest station, in the heart of the Bayaka heathen, primitive country — to the many hundred that thronged into the churches of the Vanga area. The second year men of the new Bible Institute have been conducting regular enquirer classes for the school boys and girls on the station with gratifying results. Week-end evangelistic teams from the Institute find spiritually hungry men and women wherever they go.

I cannot tell how He will win the nations,
How He will claim His earthly heritage,
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of East and West, of sinner and of sage,
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,
And He shall reap the harvest He has sown,
And some glad day His sun shall rise in splendor
When He, the Savior, Savior of the world is known.

WHAT PRAYER IS

Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. REV. 3:20.

To pray is nothing more involved than to lie in the sunshine of His grace, to expose our distress of body and soul to those heavenly rays ..... —*O. Hallesby*

"TEACHING THEM—"

RHODA ARMSTRONG

EDUCATION is always such a slow process" sighed a friend in America when we were talking with her once on furlough. I politely refrained from gasping over the fact that she should think so, but when I thought of the opportunities that children have in the United States compared to the opportunities the children have in Belgian Congo, I really felt that my friend did not know just how slow the educational process can be.

And yet how much progress we have seen in just the years that we ourselves have been in Congo! When we first went to Kikongo, we stepped out on the beach from the little Portuguese motor boat which had brought us up from Banningville, to find a large group of boys waiting for us, hoping that the new mama would examine them immediately and take them into "boarding school." Since the very new mission station was to serve the Bayaka in the southern part of the district as well as the half-dozen tribes in the north, we conscientiously examined all those who had come, but with a view to distributing equitably the number of those chosen among the different tribes. We could accept only six out of all those who had come from the large Bayaka tribe, and that was stretching every point possible. They were supposed to know how to read before they could be accepted, but it was being very generous to say that it was reading when we heard the laborious spelling out of syllables: "b-a ba, m-a ma."

The Bayaka people may still be backward but they are awakening. We have Bayaka students at the medical school and in the normal school at Kimpese. There are even girls in the boarding school at Boko, which the Bayaka are proud to claim now as their very own mission station. The pace in education here in Congo is being accelerated, and very often we breathlessly feel like the Queen in ALICE IN WONDERLAND, the one who had to keep running faster and faster just to stay in the same place.

We can truly say that educational work has been carried on by the mission from the very earliest days. We read of classes car-

ried on under the overhanging thatch roof of the missionary's mud house, and the old picture of a missionary under a palm tree with a group of boys around him was not untrue either. To reduce the language to writing, to translate the Scriptures into the Native tongues, and to teach the Africans to read God's Word — these were all parts of one aim, and the missionaries worked faithfully to reach the goal. Almost as soon as the boys or young men could read a little, they went out into the villages and in turn taught others. These village "schools" were of the crudest, often no schoolhouse and no school materials. In our own time we have seen children scratching in the earth with a stick in order to learn how to write. Yet out of these primitive schools came boys who were fired with an ambition to go on to school and learn more, and who had caught a vision of what it can mean to be a Christian. More than once we have heard a pastor or other leader say: "So-and-so taught me to read in the village, and we greatly admired and respected him for what he did to help all of us."

The "so-and-so" named might still be an obscure village teacher or might have passed on, but his work and influence were still living in the one who had once been a pupil, but who had become an outstanding leader among the Africans.

We still have village schools, but their number is diminishing as their quality is rising. They are giving way to 'group schools' where a better-qualified teacher has a group of pupils from as many villages as are within walking distance of his school. Those who learn to read will probably go on to a 'regional' school connected with the church center. It is too far to go and return each day, but dormitories are built by the teachers and pupils themselves, and here the pupils spend the five school days, returning to their own villages each weekend in order to secure a supply of food that they can take back to school for the following week. This implies the co-operation of the parents, and for the greater part we find that the Congo parents do indeed want their boys educated.

The great hope among these pupils, of course, is to be accepted into the schools at the mission station for there one will even have an opportunity to go on for further training. All this is

in line with the development of education for the Natives of Belgian Congo, as being worked out by the Colonial Government.

Education for Girls

While education for girls has not been neglected, it has lagged behind that for boys. There are many reasons for this, all of which have seemed valid at certain times and places; but in the new world in which Congo is taking its place, girls as well as boys must be educated in order to make their contribution, and education for girls is receiving serious attention from the Government and the missions alike. For them, too, there is education for the mass: primary school, parallel or higher grades of household arts, normal schools and courses for adults. There is also a special selected instruction leading to the secondary school, schools for teachers and higher courses of domestic science. The classes are of a practical nature and aim at training the young Native women for their future roles as wives and mothers. It is a special joy to see a few young women in higher training for definite work; there are some who have finished the medical course and who are using their training worthily today. This year for the first time we have a young woman enrolled in the normal school at Kimpese.

Government Subsidies

The question of accepting Government subsidies for our educational work has been a hotly discussed one. But it has seemed to the great majority of missionaries that under the present Government policy on education, we can do nothing else and still be fair to our African Christians. It is the policy of the Government to do its educational work through Christian missions, and if the evangelical missions do not furnish schools for the children of their constituency, these children will surely go to the Roman Catholic schools. Therefore, to many it has seemed a real blessing and a God-given opportunity that we can have the help of the Government in financing the educational program, while using a force of mission-trained teachers and keeping as much Bible study in the curriculum as we have always had. For the sake of the

future of the evangelical church in Congo, we must take advantage of this present opportunity and make the most of it.

Having to qualify for subsidies has been good for our schools. We thought we were already working to the limit of our force, and we found that we had reserve strength to go beyond the limit. Because of Government help, we have been able to lengthen the school year, to furnish school books and materials, to insist on regular attendance on the part of the pupils, and thus to get across the school program in a better way than before. The curriculum has been standardized, and many a missionary has been glad for some norm at which he could aim, rather than floundering around, wondering if he was allocating the hours aright, or laying emphasis in wrong places.

Difficulties Encountered

We do not minimize the difficulties encountered, nor the apprehensions that some feel, wondering what the future may bring us. There is a vast task ahead of us, simply in getting our buildings and equipment up to standard. Training enough teachers for all our schools is another gigantic enterprise, and keeping these teachers happy in the mission work is not always easy. Programs and plans must be changed, for both the Government and the missions are still feeling their way. We must exercise special care to see that education as such does not get an undue proportion of our time and effort in the total missionary task. But education has always been an integral part of our mission work, and more than ever we must use the opportunity that the schools give us for day-by-day teaching, by lesson and by example, and thus winning for Christ those who come to us to be taught.

Education may be a slow process; but teaching can be a wonderful experience, for those whom we teach — girls and boys, little tots, young people — are living material, and out of them will come the leaders of tomorrow and teachers of the Church, the lay men and women who will form the Christian community and witness to others. May we use this as a venture of faith into enlarged avenues of service which the Lord has opened up before us.

HEALING THEM

GLEN AND JEANNETTE TUTTLE

AT the Commercial Fair in Leopoldville this past year were several booths showing the work of missions in Congo. In the evangelical medical booth was a striking picture of Dr. David Livingstone treating and bandaging a wounded African. That he was doing this in the name of Christ was depicted by an outline of Christ hovering over them. One could feel that even while Dr. Livingstone was administering to the bodily needs of this sick and needy lad he was at the same time telling him of a Savior who was longingly waiting to be accepted as the One who could save him from his sins and give him peace and joy within.

The history of modern medical science in Congo begins with David Livingstone. When Dr. Livingstone was voyaging on the Lualaba and other sources of the Congo, which he thought to be sources of the Nile, he had practically nothing in the way of medicines. Deserting porters had stolen from him flour, two guns, ammunition, etc. but the sorest loss was his medicine-chest, with its "precious quinine and other remedies.....this loss I feel most keenly." But the spirit of the medical missionary was there, for wherever Livingstone, like His Master, saw suffering he "was filled with compassion," and gave what help he could.

The next pioneer doctor came up the Congo from the West Coast. This was Dr. A. Sims who came to Congo in 1882 under the Livingstone Inland Mission, This mission, with most of its personnel, was taken over by the American Baptists in 1884. Dr. Sims' success in treating fevers gained for him considerable renown in those early days. A newspaper clipping states: "He was a Medical Officer of the Congo State, and was presented with the Belgian Service Medal for his work, together with a valuable personal gift from King Leopold II, and, for services rendered to Frenchmen on the Congo, the French Government created him a Knight of the Legion of Honour."

It was several years after the beginning of Protestant mission work in the Congo before there came doctors to carry on in the

interior a service similar to that of Dr. Sims on the Lower Congo. Mission doctors took the initiative and were joined later by those representing the Colonial Government.

Today the African knows the value of medical care and is clamoring for its aid. No longer is it a question of proving the worth of modern medicine over the incantations of the witch doctor, but a question of keeping abreast with the multitude who need and seek help.

Major menacing diseases in the Lower Congo today are tuberculosis, malaria, hookworm and leprosy. Tuberculosis was brought in by the European and threatens the population of Congo in a way that sleeping sickness did a few years ago when whole villages were wiped out in its wake. With a systematic and periodic examination of the entire population and with the aid of specific drugs, it is the rare rather than the usual experience to have a case of sleeping sickness in our Sona Bata Hospital today. Would that ten more years might see the same progress made in regard to tuberculosis.

Malaria still holds a prominent place amongst the more prevalent and disastrous diseases. With paludrine and chloroquine now available as preventatives and with DDT available as a mosquito killer, this menace could be pratically controlled with an adequate Public Hygiene staff and program. Before the days of penicillin, pneumonia was, strange as it may seem in the tropics, a dreaded and frequent disease from which many died. We never cease to give thanks to our Lord for the many miraculous cures which have been possible through this drug and for the many times that His name has been glorified through its use.

As one travels through the country of Congo today one is relieved to find the people abandoning the witch doctor and placing their confidence in the African nurses as they diagnose disease and administer modern medicines at the various rural dispensaries. A recent graduate from our nursing school at Sona Bata cares for an average of 800 patients a month at the dispensary at Kasangulu. This multiplied by the number of dispensaries gives an idea of people reached who would not otherwise be taken care of were the hospitals alone depended upon. It also means that our hos-

pitals are becoming more and more able to concentrate on treating the more serious cases.

Even surgery takes on a different aspect these days as people have seen the results of past years and are now submitting to the more serious operations. Our surgical register includes almost every kind of operation except gall-bladder and stomach surgery.

Mission doctors and nurses have had a prominent place in the advancement of medical work in Congo. This has been made possible by the many generous gifts of people in the homeland who have given that these people might know Christ as Lord and Savior and in His name have their suffering relieved. It has been made possible through the efficient help of African nurses and aides who have learned the joy of service in Christ's name and who are untiring in their work. But in spite of progress there is still a shameful lack of medical help available to the distant villages and hamlets of Congo. Let the following astounding figures speak for themselves. In Congo today we have:

1 doctor to 40,000 Congolese compared with
1 to 750 in America;
1 registered nurse to 13,000 Congolese compared with
1 to 500 in America;
1 auxiliary worker to 3,750 Congolese compared with
1 to 650 in America.

To provide the same standard of medical care as is available in America, the number of doctors for Congo must be augmented 53 times and the registered nurses 26 times. We pray that this need will constitute a genuine challenge to those studying medicine and nursing in the schools of America today.

To pray is to let Jesus come into our hearts.
Prayer is the breath of the soul. As air enters in quietly when we breathe, and does its normal work in our lungs, so Jesus enters quietly into our hearts and does His blessed work there.

—O. Hallesby

SHOES FOR THE ROAD

H. D. Brown

THE Banza Manteke mail arrived. There were two huge sacks which when opened showed parcels containing twenty pairs of shoes. Some of our enterprising Congolese brethren had combined an order thus securing substantial reductions in price, sent it to a manufacturer in Belgium, and in due time twenty men were shod to their satisfaction. All Africa used to go barefoot, but things are changing. Some of my African neighbors who are fellow-workers on this station have radios and are listening in to the world, or as much of it as they can understand in the languages known to them. Letters and money orders are passing back and forth continuously between the people of this area and their friends. Along our comparatively quiet road several trucks run daily, going out to the railroad station transporting passengers and merchandise. They are owned and operated by Congolese. Some of them were once pupils in our station schools where we had an opportunity for a few years of seeking to lay the foundations of a godly Christian life. When they are sick they will come in to our hospital and receive modern medical care. And so we say that times are changing. They are. Nevertheless with all this show of modern gadgets one may observe a woman preparing a meal. Her kneading board is flat on the ground. Standing up and bending almost double to reach her dough, she kneads, a painstaking labor made more difficult by the lack of any attempt to lighten the task. This is Africa today. There is a wide-awake, progressive minority, who face forward. The majority still live a life that has not changed much from that of the past. The old cruelties have passed away, much of the old insecurity is gone, but life is still lived in a fashion that is largely primitive.

Whether one's attention turns to the progressive few or to the backward majority some factors remain constant. Gadgets do not eliminate sin or the need of a man to hear the call of the Savior. Whether one man tramps barefoot on his journey or the other rides in comfort, there is still the need everywhere that Christ may be proclaimed and that He may claim the lives of Congo's people

for whom He died. There is still the need for the human touch, for the missionary who will lead the way in witnessing. Gadgets may ease his journey part of the way, he still must be prepared to plod weary miles to little villages reached by nothing bigger than a footpath. Missionaries are still needed and the call is still insistent, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?"

There is still the need for consecrated African leaders who will in their turn go out into the highways and byways to preach Christ, and this calls for leadership training. This is one of the most important phases of the modern missionary task in Africa. In leadership training we have the opportunity of training our young men and women to share in the gospel ministry, with their "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," — shoes for the road of witness and ministry among all those who, in this new day, are without Christ and without hope.

TO HIM WHO SEEKS

You with the searching spirit
That yearns and seeks for Truth—
You with the mind that questions
Problems too vast for youth,

Ask, and it shall be given,
Seek, and you shall find.
Knock, and it shall be opened.
You shall not e'er be blind.

Your quest is one that beckons
As you your pathway plod.
Each step you take upon it
Leads to the Living God.

— EMILY KEYES

. . . . . .

THE INDUSTRIALIZATION OF CONGO

B. W. ARMSTRONG

THIS article can give but the briefest idea of what a topic such as this means. The Congo is being rapidly industrialized and the effect of a rapid change from rural-centered to urban-centered life is having a profound effect on the Church. It was my privilege to hear Governor General Jungers give his report at the opening session of the Government Council in 1950. A large section of this report dealt with the industrialization of Congo; and part of this article is based on that report.

Congo is being industrialized, said the Governor General, because that is the only way in which the future welfare of the Congolese can be assured. Any country depending on an agricultural economy, not backed by sound industry, is vulnerable. The industries are to be diversified between production for export and goods to satisfy the growing demands of the home market. During the war, Congo was thrown to a considerable extent upon its own resources, and it was fortunate that it was able to supply its own needs as well as export many valuable war production materials. Palm oil, peanuts, gold, diamonds, tin and many other products were exported, and Congo still supplies much of the uranium for the carrying on of atomic research. Cement plants, a sugar refinery, textile mills, soap factories, metal industries and other plants work full time, some of them three eight–hour shifts a day.

The Government is keeping a controlling hand on all the new development. An over-all plan, known as the Ten Year Plan, has been formulated, and it includes the whole of the Colony and every phase of life. Included in the plan is the development of Congo's water power. The possibilities here are almost beyond comprehension. One engineer estimated that about one-fourth of the undeveloped water power of the world is in the Congo river between Leopoldville and Matadi. A new dam is under construction at Zongo Falls on the Inkisi River in order to supply the city of Leopoldville with adequate electric power. There is talk of

electrifying the railroad between Matadi and Leopoldville, and certainly many new industries will develop wherever electric power becomes available.

Agriculture is to be mechanized, thus releasing a large number of workmen for the new industries. It will mean that the existing cities and towns will become larger, and totally new cities will be built. Deposits of copper in amazing quantities have been found, and prospecting is now being carried on only a short distance from our Sona Bata mission station. An entirely new Native city has been built there. The mining company is allowing the mission to conduct educational and evangelistic work with the laborers, thus reversing the policy of some of the older companies which still deny the evangelical missions the right to have a church or a school on their mining compound, palm oil plantation, or company concession. Some progress is being made in this line.

Thousands of miles of new roads are being laid out, but not surfaced, and they are often in very bad condition. A paved road from Leopoldville to Matadi is planned but the work is moving slowly. New railroads are planned too, but work has not started on construction yet. Leopoldville has now passed the two hundred thousand mark in population, and still they come. Housing is a very great problem and a development on the hill just above our mission is known as Hundred House Town. Agencies for cars, trucks, Diesel engines, saw mills and industrial machinery of all kinds cannot keep any stock on hand. I talked with a contractor a few days ago about building a new school for us here in Leopoldville West. He has contracts ahead for the next eighteen months and will not take on any more.

The effect of all this has been to boost prices and pay rolls until the Natives have lost their balance. Of course it has had its effect on our Christian workers as well. They have to buy food and clothes on the same market as the well-paid industrial workers do. It requires a lot of consecration for many of our employees to stay on the job. Here in Leopoldville we have entirely too large a group of alumni from our mission training school who are now office workers. The whole mission is being retarded by the lack of workers, both missionary and Congolese. We need your

prayers that we may be able to give guidance and wise counsel to our Christian community during this period of transition.

CITY CROSSROADS

LINDA WATKINS

I came to the intersection of the main road to Leopoldville-West and the crossroad to the docks, just as the whistle had blown. The lights turned red for me (yes, we have red and green lights in Leo.) The cross traffic poured through as if floodgates had been opened. All were Africans going home for lunch. Some on bicycles, some running, some walking but all rushing to get home. The lights changed, the stream was cut short and we went on.

Again I was trying at noon to cross "Prince Baudouin," the main street into the Native city. There was no break in the dense stream of humanity that rushed by the full width of the street. I stood and watched it flow by. Again there were bicycles by the hundreds and many more on foot. Some were laughing as they tried to outrun their friends, others were annoyed, some were indifferent — yet all seemed to have one aim, to get home. I wondered what "home" was for some of them. An ordinary mud and wattle hut, or perhaps a lovely brick and cement cottage (a favored few have them.) What of the thousands of men who have come here to work in Leopoldville without their wives and fammilies? Home is sharing a room in an already crowded *lupango* (lot)—no family life, no stabilizing home influence.

Some of these Natives have been here a long time and have seen our capitol grow from a small town to the beautiful city it now is. They have seen the wonders of the white man stretching his buildings up into the sky eight stories high, instead of letting it hug the ground. They have seen the mysterious box that carries one from the ground to the top of the highest building. "You just sit still and when the door opens you are up near the clouds." They have seen oil made into soap; flour into thousands of loaves of bread a day, cotton go into the factory and come out a beautiful

piece of print; clay made into bricks and beautiful tiles for roofs and floors; iron sheets welded and made into river steamers, truck bodies, trunks, beds. They have talked or sung into the recording machine and heard their own voices speak back to them. They have become civilized, we say, in this our largest city in the Congo.

I was at another intersection — the drums were calling the people to a Sunday afternoon and all-night dance. The men had forgotten, or entirely discarded civilization. They were arrayed in skirts of cloth, their bodies were oiled and painted red and white. They were singing their heathen songs and were calling the men and women to join them in dancing and drinking. I was again just passing by but saw and heard that which made my heart heavy. One of the men called out to us. "There go the Christians, always going to the House of God."

"Civilization without Christ is dangerous," says Frank Laubach. They have been civilized, they hold good remunerative jobs, but where is the stabilizing power for the home and community?

I stood at the corner of Avenue Leopold and Avenue Lac Leopold II. The little children were running and laughing trying to get there first. The mothers with babies on their backs were coming down the street, fathers leading small boys and girls by the hand, older men and women coming more slowly, young men on their bicycles, not in hundreds but a goodly number, a few came by car or taxi. They didn't rush by to answer the call of the drums. They came to the corner and entered The House of God. It was Easter Sunday morning, Christ the Lord was truly risen for them, and there would have been no doubt in your mind as to their understanding of the gospel and their sincerity if you could have beard them sing, "Christ the Lord is risen today, Hallelujah!"

Here is the stabilizing power for our modern Congo city. There is a tremendous challenge to our mission to meet the need and bring in the hundreds who go rushing by, seeking they know not what. There is a hunger in their hearts that can be met by Christ.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

HAZEL M. SHANK, (Secretary W.A.B.F.M.S.)

IT has been good to be back in the Congo again and at the season when frequent rains bring a lushness to the rolling landscape, and the clear atmosphere makes the hills on every side stand out sharp and clear. Better still, it is good to be greeted by friends made on a first visit, and to see the growth and progress that has come, in spite of an overburdened small staff and the physical difficulties of life and work in the Congo.

In the eight years since I was last here, many changes have taken place. The tempo of life has increased even in the rural areas where I have visited. One can see many developments taking place in the Colony and sense the resulting changes in the lives of Congo's people. With better means of travel I have been privileged to see more of the work of our own Mission, and have been a guest of some of our neighboring missions.

After the first weeks of February spent in the northeastern part of the Colony attending the annual meeting of the Congo Protestant Council, I began my visits to the stations in the Kwango area of our Mission. Annis Ford drove me in the Banza Manteke truck over difficult roads and across the Kwango River by ferry to Boko. From there I was driven to Kikongo, then to Moanza, and finally to Vanga.

Roads are somewhat improved since I was last here, but being of sand or clay, they present difficulties in any season. Motor cars are necessities for our missionaries, but roads are hard on them and repairs are an ever present problem. Our missionaries have some better equipment but food, transportation, and supplies of all kinds are still major problems. To a visitor, life on this Mission field seems rugged still.

Of all our Congo stations, Boko and Vanga present the greatest contrast. Everything at Boko is new. Our missionaries still live in temporary buildings. No one who has not watched a new mission station being established can imagine the multitude of tasks involved, a water system to be built, land to be cleared and put

under cultivation, a food market to be established and supervised, roads to be built and workmen to be trained, the school to be organized and supervised with the meagerest of equipment. Even though there is still no nurse available, it is impossible to ignore the appeal of the physically needy. Visits to the surrounding villages leave an unforgettable impression of all kinds of fetish houses, countless fetishes over doorways and worn about the neck or wrists of every one from the smallest babe to the eldest villager. But the seed of the Gospel is being sown in the hearts of the Bayaka and the churches are growing.

If it is seedtime at Boko it is harvest at Vanga. The day for which we have worked so many years at Vanga has come and people are presenting themselves for church membership in numbers that are almost overwhelming if they are to receive the necessary teaching and careful examination before baptism. At Dula church center, I witnessed the baptism of 250, and on Easter Sunday on the Vanga station another baptism of 391. In several of the church centers we were met by congregations of a thousand or more. I was impressed by the large numbers of women in each place. A visit to the Vanga field today is a moving experience. Nowhere is the need of more staff more dramatically in evidence than at Boko and Vanga. It is just as pressing and real on every other station.

I returned to Leopoldville on April 16 by plane from Kikwit, the airfield nearest Vanga. On the seventeenth the women of the Mission arrived in Leopoldville for a three-day conference on work for women and girls. It was time well spent and we look forward to a more vigorous program for the women on the stations and in the villages. It is hoped that the special recruiting program in which our home Boards are engaged will result in the staff appointments that will make it possible for our women missionaries to concentrate on this phase of the work.

Following this conference I began my visit to the Banza Manteke district. From there I went to Kimpese and Sona Bata and I am now in Leopoldville for the last week of my Congo visit.

There are more highlights in such a visit than can be mentioned here. The Bible Institute at Kikongo, the new home-

making school at Banza Manteke, the expanding program at Kimpese both at the training school for pastors and teachers and at the new medical school, are but a few. Most significant is the increase in the numbers of girls in schools everywhere. It is encouraging to see more little girls in school and the larger numbers of girls in all the upper-primary classes. I was especially gratified to see girls who have finished the top classes now giving full-time service as teachers. Any visitor to the Congo in 1952 should not overlook the significance of the fact that for the first time there are three girls (two from the American Baptist Mission) enrolled in the normal course in the Institute for Pastors and Teachers at Kimpese. This is a great forward step for Congo women and girls.

In a few days I shall be leaving Congo, but I go with a greatly increased appreciation of the achievements of Protestant mission work in Congo, and of the great needs and special problems of the work of our own mission. I am very grateful for the gracious hospitality I have enjoyed and I shall always cherish this period of fellowship with our missionaries and Congo Christian friends.

TRANSPORTATION IN CONGO

CHESTER JUMP

GOOD means of transportation are indispensible to any growing civilization. For, whether it be Bibles, school books, or White Cross supplies destined for the missionary's use, or palm oil, copper ore, or sacks of coffee beans intended for export, whether it be the missionary himself, or a Government agent, or a trader, some means of transportation must be found to carry them to their destination.

The same means of transportation available in other lands of the world are found in Belgian Congo, in greater or lesser degree. Even the airplane has begun to play a part in the transport of people and vital materials. Fresh foods are flown in now from more temperate climes. Or perhaps it is medicine or vaccine that is sped on its way to the mission doctor. More and more people, too, are using this means of rapid transit.

However, the lifeline of Congo transportation is the great water system of the Congo River and its affluents. The Congo is the greatest of the rivers of Africa and is exceeded in size only by the Amazon. Thus, it is not by accident that many of the mission stations and commerical posts are located on or near one of the larger rivers. They are taking advantage of this ready-made means of access to the world. Most of the boats plying the Congo rivers are similar in design to those which used to be seen in great numbers on the Mississippi and Ohio. And while some of them restrict their service primarily to passengers and mail, many are followed by long strings of barges loaded with machinery, autos, and cases of merchandise on the upriver trip, and burdened with the outgoing wealth of the Congo as they return to the expanding city of Leopoldville. Many of the Whites and most of the Africans still travel by river boats which wind their way leisurely between verdant banks and tie up for the night at some wood post, although some seek more rapid service when available, begrudging the time lost on a one-or two-week boat trip.

Almost equally important in the scheme of Congo transportation are the several railroads which have been built to circumnavigate the numerous rapids in the Congo River. The most important of these is the Matadi-Leopoldville line completed in 1898,* which replaced the old Caravan Trail with its Native porters and made possible the development of the interior. Much of the commerce of the country and most of the incoming travellers are carried by this line which traverses the Lower Congo. And while some of the equipment is obsolete and the track is narrow gauge, the present construction of a double track, the introduction of Diesel-electric locomotives, and the planned electrification of the line indicate that it will have yet a more important part to play in the expansion of the Congo.

But one also must mention the growing use of trucks and cars for transportation, a more important medium than the limited network of dirt roads might indicate. Certainly, for the missionary, trucks and dirt roads play an important role in the carrying of the gospel message. For expanding work and the constant

*The line was entirely relocated and rebuilt between 1924 and 1931.—Ed.

opening of work in more villages make it imperative that he have a means of visiting his posts and villages more readily and oftener. Nowhere in Congo, except in the largest cities, are there any paved roads, and only the smallest rivers, hardly worthy of the name, are bridged. But the roads are passable except during the hardest rains and every river has its ferry made of planks placed on top of dugout canoes or sometimes metal boats. Some of these are powered by gasoline motors, although many are still poled or paddled by Natives. And although refueling stations and garages are few and far between, one can carry extra gasoline and somehow manage to keep the truck about its business.

There remains one further means of travel and transportation in the Congo. Sometimes the missionary can be seen tramping along the Native trails accompanied by a column of porters, having left his truck in order to reach some village far off the beaten track. And as he fords a little stream and sees an airplane cruising high overhead, or sends off carriers on a five-day trip to the nearest station, with which he has just been in contact by short-wave radio, there comes the realization of how the old and the new are working together to bring the more abundant life to darkest Africa.

THE TOM-TOM BEATS ON

Viola L. Smith

WE have just returned from a weekend at one of the village church centers. During that weekend we lived in a thatch rest-house built by the Government for the use of white people who must spend a night in a Native village. We rejoiced when we first saw it as it was such a nice looking building and undoubtedly of recent origin. However, there were indications all over the dirt floor that the roof leaked. Search was made for spots where there was no sign that the rain had come through, and there we set up our camp cots. At 3:30 the next morning a storm blew up and my husband was rudely awakened by the splash of cold water in

his face! A pocket of water had suddenly burst through one of the many weak places in the thatch roof, thoroughly soaking my husband's pillow and sheet. By the light of a flashlight he hunted for a dry spot where he might spend the remainder of the night.

It rained for ten hours; there were no doors or windows to be closed, just openings to provide passage and ventilation and light. The wind became colder and colder as it blew through the openings and through the thatch walls. I wrapped myself in a blanket to keep warm — in tropical Africa.

How to get breakfast was a problem. The cook-house was forty or more feet from the house; it was heavy with smoke from the cooking fire in the middle of the floor. How was the food to get to the house without becoming cold and drenched en route? We had forgotten to bring an umbrella! But we managed; raincoats are second best.

Kipasi village is a church communion center serving the Christians from many villages for miles around. On Saturday afternoon the people began to arrive, each delegation coming to greet us as they entered the village. All afternoon the pastor and deacons met with the missionary to decide on measures of discipline for those who had stumbled and fallen in the way.

That evening the crowd filled the yard as they sat on the ground to listen to the flannelgraph story of the Prodigal Son. The usual noisy, pushing, shoving crowd was silent at last as they sat under the starry sky and listened to the call of the heavenly Father beseaching them to come home to Him.

Then followed another session of the church meeting which lasted well into the night. Our hearts yearned over them as they disappeared into the shadows to spend the night crowded into the tiny, windowless huts, many of which were so small that the peak of the roof did not reach to my chin. I could not help but think of them when the storm began; for we could be sure that those roofs leaked, too, and crowded as they were there was no place to which the occupants could move to find a dry spot. All during the long hours of the storm they sat huddled together around the smoky fire in the middle of the floor, talking and talking.

As soon as the skies began to clear the drums announced to

the people that the big meeting was about to begin. As we headed toward the church, people poured out of the little huts, hurriedly donning their finery. A group of four women spilled out of one hut, clutching a large kerchief. Each grabbed a cloth as the contents of the kerchief were spread on the ground. In full sight of passers-by they bedecked themselves for church. They were Christians, so of course they would not smear their bodies with the red *nkula* of the heathen. No indeed, they carefully dipped their fingers into some perfumed face powder, and traced thick rings of white on their oiled faces, encircling the features from forehead to chin and back again. Where had they secured face powder in this little village so far from civilization? Very probably from the two young blades who had come to greet us the previous afternoon, boasting of the fact that they had walked for two weeks to reach the big city of Leopoldville where they had worked to earn money enough to "buy" a wife.

It didn't take the mud and thatch church long to be filled to overflowing. Those on the outside looking in were as numerous as those who had succeeded in getting inside and finding seats on the logs which were held up by forked sticks driven into the ground.

The service was well under way and the missionary half through his message when he was interrupted by a wedding procession slowly filing up the aisle to seek places on the front log. The groom was resplendent in European clothes, including a comic opera bright red coat and dark blue glasses, worn in spite of the cloudy day. The final touch was a piece of cloth matching the bride's dress which the bride and groom held over their heads and shoulders as a canopy. There was wild scurrying as the pastor shooed off all the little children who were seated on the front log, and made way for the bridal party. The missionary then went on with the sermon. The wedding took place following the preaching service.

The church was emptied following the preaching service, and the non-Christians invited to leave. The Christians were to reenter by delegations, each group with its teacher-evangelist. No doubt the pastor wanted to impress the visiting missionaries

with the orderliness of his flock. How deeply we sympathized with him when the wooden drum called the folk back into the church. Such pushing and shoving and fighting for the best seats! It was more than the pastor could bear; he made them all go out again. Then he stationed a deacon at each of the three doors and one by one they were permitted to return. At last all was quiet, really quiet. In solemnity and reverence we all partook of the pieces of cooked yam and drank of the juice of fresh mulberries, in remembrance of our common Lord and Saviour. We were *one* because He had made us one by the shedding of His own Precious Blood.

The service had not ended before we heard the throbbing beats of the tom-tom. As we went through the village, we found a crowd gathering in the village street, drawn by the spesl of that steady, ever increasing rhythm. The steps of the Christianl faltered as they passed by the crowd, and then, looking at us, they went on.

We knew how much the call of the tom-tom tempted them; we knew how easily its mad spell could creep into their toes and make their feet shuffle; then creep on up to their hips to set them swaying faster and ever faster until at last its frenzy envelops them and they no longer care what they do. We yearned over them, because they are truly seeking the light. God forbid that we should smile at their efforts to imitate the outward signs of civilized man; is it not an indication of the hunger within and the seeking after something better, that have taken hold of their lives?

We left them then, with the sound of the tom-tom still in our ears. But we wished that we could be multiplied many times, so that one of us could hope to visit them more frequently. This field has been without a missionary for the village work for seven months. Even when one is here, the field is so large and the villages so many that at best the people cannot hope for more than one visit a year from the missionary.....but the tom-tom is always there. Its beat throbs on, day by day, trying to trip them up in the new path they have chosen. It is so easy to get lost when the witch doctor and the tom-tom call day by day....and the missionaries

(*Continued on page 29*)

THOMAS MOODY

THOMAS MOODY was born in London on June 30, 1862. As a young man, he learned the art of gold and silver gilding but when he felt a call to full-time Christian service, he gave this up and and took college and seminary training in Canada and the United States, in preparation for missionary work.

June 30 was his wedding day, in 1890, and surely no man ever had a better birthday present than "Mama Moody" who was his faithful companion and co-worker all the years, in Congo and in America, until she preceded him in death. He came to Congo the same year he was married, and on his first furlough became a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Their long missionary life was crowded with difficulties, with sorrows, and with joys. At Irebu near the Equator, their first years were turbulent; in the region were fierce fighting, slave trading, witchcraft. More than once at midnight a faithful African friend warned them of plots made to kill them.

Yet it was with sorrow that the Moodys moved to Lukunga in the Bas Congo, when Irebu was closed as a mission station. Although Lukunga too, in time, was closed and absorbed into the Banza Manteke district, and never since has had a resident missionary, to this day the imprint of Mr. Moody's work is there. Mr. Engwall says that there is a vitality and life in the church which is a direct inheritance from Tata Moody. At Lukunga there is more than an intangible influence, there is a small grave in which little John Moody lies buried. On their first voyage home, the young missionary couple had buried a little daughter at sea. The price for service in Africa was high in those days.

Mr. Moody's whole ministry was characterized by a supreme devotion to evangelism, and his name will probably live longest at Sona Bata, associated with the work there and the great revival. The awakening came in 1921 and continued on through several years. Thousands of Africans were baptized. "You could feel the Spirit of God brooding over the place," said Tata Moody. Many

of the present leaders of the church are men who were closely associated with Tata Moody and who pioneered the movement out to the east where Kikongo station is a result of their evangelistic outreach. Tata Moody often reminded young missionaries of how he tramped the areas of our present Moanza and Kikongo fields for weeks on end with only a couple of tins of oatmeal for provisions.

He was not only an evangelist here in Congo, but was a most effective speaker among the churches at home. He would be introduced as "Tom Moody, the flaming evangelist of the Congo."

After retiring, he lived in Florida until just a few years ago, when he moved to Nugent Home on the outskirts of Philadelphia. He died in the Home on March 22, 1952. He had been in good spirits, joking with the matron, and had seemed to be in good health. But in the afternoon he suffered a heart attack from which he did not recover.

When he left Congo for the last time, he wrote for the *Congo News Letter:* "In all these years God has not failed us at any time." The message he left us then, he would probably repeat today: *Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*

To be a Christian is in truth to have gained a place in the sun.

Prayer and helplessness are inseparable. Only he who is helpless can truly pray.

Helplessness is the real secret and the impelling power of prayer.

It is only when we are helpless that we open our hearts to Jesus and let Him help us in our distress, according to His grace and mercy. —*O. Hallesby*

(*Continued from page 27*)

and trained leaders are so few. Poor, bewildered lambs, where are the keepers of the flock who will protect them and guide their steps as they try to follow the Good Shepherd who gave His life for them?

NEWS ITEMS

Banza Manteke — We are rejoicing over the return of Mr. and Mrs. Engwall from furlough. Because of their many years of experience in this field, they will be a great strength to the work as they begin their new term of service. Mr. Engwall will make much-needed itineraries to our district churches and Mrs. Engwall will give supervision to the girls' schools and the women's work, with special emphasis on the Christian home.

We are also happy over the news of Dr. Freas' release from the hospital. He is continuing treatment at Warm Springs for a short period, then will be free, and hopes to return to Congo at the end of the year.

We are thankful for the leaders in the church here among the Congo people. Some of the Christians are burdened for the spiritual welfare of the younger generation. With their leadership and heritage, we hope and pray that the young people may faithfully establish the Church of Christ in this field.

With 400 boys and 200 girls in the station schools and the building of new buildings, as well as the outpost supervision, the missionaries are more than busy. The workers are too few and the task seems too great, but we go from day to day with faith and hope, believing that all our needs will be supplied in this corner of God's Kingdom.

Moanza — There have been numerous comings and going to and from Moanza in the past few months. We are most grateful to Mr. Smith for acting as transport agent and for all the help he so willingly gave in innumerable ways.

We are deeply grateful to God for the return of Rev. and Mrs Bubeck, who arrived in March. They are already busy trying to reach out into all corners of this great and needy Moanza Field. We welcome Naomi back without having had a glimpse of her. We are looking forward with eagerness to her vacation from school.

The highlight of the year has been Miss Shank's visit to our Station. The only regret we have is that her visit was altogether too short. Her two visits, eight years apart, have made a deep impression upon our women. They feel that she is one of them, and

they speak of her as "belonging" in a very special way.

Miss Eldredge is at last on her way home for a long-overdue furlough. She is greatly missed in every department in which she so ably and so willingly served. We unite our wishes and our prayers for a safe voyage and a most restful and profitable furlough and a speedy return to Congo.

Our hospital has undergone, not an operation, but a renovation. Inside walls have changed color and are now a lovely green and gray. Box cupboards stand proudly dressed in their first coat of paint, also green. It seems to have given us all a lift to have freshly-painted, clean walls to look at as we work among the sick.

Our return from Léopoldville following the Women's Conference, was beset with a few difficulties and delays. Tire trouble and bad roads hindered our progress. The hospital was filled with cases ranging from measles to the mentally ill. Two patients with broken bones were cared for soon after our return home. One was a small child with a fractured femur and the other a woman worker at the hospital who fell and suffered two breaks in her left arm.

Leopoldville — The highlight event around here of recent days was the conference by and for women. From all reports, every one enjoyed the days here, they all seemed happy about the results.

Dr. and Mrs. Slemp of MISSIONS magazine, had a very short visit here, but we hope they enjoyed such time as they did have.

It seems hard for us to accept that the Watkins family will be gone before this number of CONGO NEWS LETTER appears in print. We shall miss them greatly in every possible way.

On Sunday evening, the last day of the women's conference, a quartet was practising for a special song. Our cook listened to them and said, "Here in Leopoldville there is much that is evil, but when we hear singing like that, then we know that God is here too."

Prayer consists simply in telling God day by day in what ways we feel we are helpless. —*O. Hallesby*

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses*

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Miss Esther Ehnbom, R.N.
Miss Annis Ford
Rev. and Mrs. Edward V. Wright
Rev and Mrs. M. S. Engwall

BOKO
via Popokabaka et Inkisi
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UNDER APPOINTMENT

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** Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*